Take A Sip

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Take A Sip

by slashyrogue

Summary

Will Graham walks into 'Take A Sip' looking for a night with a vampire.

Newly divorced because of his addiction to vampire porn on the internet he's developed a fixation and thinks that indulging just once will satiate his need. He instead walks out with a date with the vampire owner, Hannibal Lecter, and the start of something neither of them expects.

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Chapter 1

The first time Will walks into ***Take A Sip*** he's nervous.

Newly divorced and still not good at social situations, he doesn't know how to do this.

The vampire coffee shop is open to all types, vampire or otherwise, and yet he still feels all eyes on him like he's not welcome. The barista at the counter smiles and her fangs make Will's body ache for something he's been denying himself for far too long.

"Hello, welcome to Take A Sip! What can I get you?"

She's blonde, looks young but probably isn't, and her eyes are a shade between blue and red. The nametag on her apron reads, Mischa, and when he talks Will is sure he sounds as nervous as he feels.

"Coffee," he says quietly, "Black coffee."

"Cream? Sugar?"

“No, thank you.”

Mischa rings him up, eyeing him in that way vampires always seem to do, and when he pays Will is sure she can hear the fast beating of his heart.

“The name?”

“Will.”

“Thanks, Will. We’ll have your coffee up soon.”

He moves to stand with the other people waiting, all pale and obvious vampires.

This was a stupid idea.

Molly had known Will’s tastes were expanding the last year of his marriage when his excitement was down to zero in the bedroom. He’d found vampire porn online, clicked on a whim, and then spent every night devouring all he could find.

“I’m not enough anymore,” she said, handing him the papers, “I know it and you do too.”

He remembers signing without argument, and while he misses her it’s not because of sex.

Will just misses having someone to talk to, feel comfortable with, and make him laugh.

His friends mostly went on Molly’s side, all but Bev who is way more social and knows more vampires than Will does. Which isn’t hard because Will knows exactly zero. Bev was the one who told him to come here.

“Take A Sip,” she’d said, wiggling her eyebrows, “Lots of hot vamps hang out there and the owner is really nice. He’ll look out for you if he sees anyone being...all mind-y.”

Mind manipulation wasn’t even a thought in Will’s plan but now he worries if he’d even notice. Maybe he should’ve taken that nap like Bev told him before coming, but his nerves all day leading up to this made that impossible. He didn’t even try to eat dinner.

“Will!”

Will looks up and sees his cup sitting on the counter. He takes it just as someone else does too.

“Oh,” the man says, smiling with very pointed fangs.

He’s blonde, looks young, and way too good looking for Will.

“I think this is mine.”

The vampire grins, and Will feels oddly dizzy. “I see that. Hello, I’m....”

“Your blood is ready, Steven.”

Will turns, his mind clear, and sees a man behind the counter with red eyes glaring at the vampire. “Oops,” Steven says, grinning.

“I guess I looked an easy target,” Will mumbles, “Thanks.”

The man frowns at him. “Are you alright, Will?”

He blinks, and suddenly tears are in his eyes. “I’m fine.”

The nametag on the man’s apron says ‘Hannibal’ and while he can’t see fangs it’s not hard to guess he’s a vampire. A second later he reaches over and hands Will a bagged scone. Their fingers brush and he shivers. “You don’t have to---”

“Yes, I do. Mind control can drain a human quite quickly and you’ll be even more vulnerable during your stay. This is my establishment and I want every patron to feel safe here.”

Will nods and walks away, feeling warm even before he takes his first sip.

The coffee is good, great even, and when he sits down Will looks to see Hannibal watching him. He nods and Hannibal nods back.

Will stays for the next few hours, sipping his coffee and letting it go cold.

No other vampires come near him, despite Will being the only obvious human in the room, and he wonders if it’s because he’s doing something wrong. He wants to just experience vampire sex once, and if his fantasies are all wrong he can go back to porn.

He sighs, taking the last sip, and moves to stand only for someone to appear at his side.

It’s Mischa.

She hands him a clear pink blended drink. “On the house,” she says, smiling.

Will frowns and takes the drink. “Thank you.”

He sits down and takes a small sip.

It tastes like strawberries and he reminds him of home.

Will spends the rest of the night in Take A Sip and is given several ‘on the house’ things including a sandwich which he eats with Hannibal’s eyes on him. He’s working his way up to saying something, anything, by the time it’s nearing three a.m. He knows it’s almost time for the shop to close.

The patrons all start to disperse but Will stays, nursing his fourth drink, and when it’s down to him he stands.

Hannibal is there within seconds.

“I imagine you were confused this evening.”

He smiles. “Confused, yeah, but well taken care of.”

Hannibal smiles at him. “I am utterly fascinated by you, Will, and was from the moment you entered my establishment. I did not wish for you to leave.”

Will blushes and pushes his glasses up on his nose. “This...this doesn’t usually happen in real life.”

Hannibal takes Will’s other hand and kisses his knuckles. “I assure you, this is happening.”

He swallows the lump in his throat. “I...came here for a reason.”

“The same reason most humans do,” Hannibal purrs, brushing his knuckles with a cold thumb, “I expect you’re interested in sharing a bed with a vampire.”

He nods.

“I regret to inform you that I am not interested in that with you.”

Will feels the rebuff and tries to move away but Hannibal pulls him closer.

“I wish to *know* you before I taste you. If that is...acceptable.”

He nods. “Yeah.”

Hannibal smiles and his teeth seem even larger. “Would you care to have dinner with me tomorrow evening at my home?”

Will licks his lips. “Yeah, that’s...that sounds okay.”

“Wonderful.”

He feels the loss when Hannibal lets go of him and when he turns he sees Mischa at the door.

“My sister is impatient.”

“She’s your sister?”

“Yes, we’re...quite close. She encouraged me to keep you here this evening.”

Will smiles at her. “I guess I should thank her.”

Mischa grins.

Hannibal pulls a card out from his apron that he hands to Will with an address printed on it. He feels oddly disappointed that Hannibal obviously has a stash of cards like this to give away.

“I assure you, I do not give these cards out often.”

“You just happen to have them on you?”

“Always,” Hannibal says, “I have only parted with two of them. One to a young woman with an abusive husband that I took care of and now you.”

Will blinks. “I think you just told me you killed someone.”

“I said ‘took care of’ and that can mean many, many things.”

He laughs. “I guess. I...I’m gonna...”

Hannibal nods just as Mischa opens the door and Will feels his eyes on him when he walks toward her. “Thanks,” Will says again, “I...I think....”

“He likes you,” she whispers, “He doesn’t like anyone but he likes you. That’s important. I hope I see you again.”

Will walks out into the night, feeling warm and excited.

The card in his pocket is full of possibilities, and yet he wonders if this will end like Molly. How far can two people go because of a newfound fetish? Will frowns, pulling on his seatbelt, and is about to pull away when someone knocks on his window.

It’s Hannibal.

Will rolls the window down and he sets a bag inside.

“I made you something to remember me by,” he purrs, eyes suddenly seeming even more red, “I did not wish for you to...forget.”

He smiles. “I don’t think I’ll forget tonight for anything.”

“Goodnight, Will. Sweet dreams.”

“Goodnight.”

Will pulls away, blushing, and he waits only a block before he opens the bag.

The cupcake inside is dripping red with strawberry topping, and on top is a candy fang.

He laughs.

He doesn’t even know Hannibal yet and he already likes him.

Chapter 2

Will has had many dreams about vampires since he first got into vampire porn. The dreams range in their content but more often than not are just filled with fucking while biting. He's never considered tenderness with a vampire lover before.

Until now.

He crashes at four, suddenly dead tired, and his dreams are filled with only one person.

Hannibal.

Hannibal holds him tenderly, lovingly, as he takes him. He praises Will, teases him, and tells him everything Will has ever wanted to hear.

"Yours is the sweetest blood I've ever tasted."

Will wakes up a mess around eleven the next day, having come in his pants like a teenager, and cleans his sheets after changing his clothes while blushing all the while. His addiction to vampire porn ruined his marriage while it consumed his every thought for months, and yet the dreams he had last night were nothing like the things he watches online.

And he wants more.

He opens up his laptop and searches for soft vampire porn, loving stuff that can make him ache like last night, and finds none.

The audience for vampire porn is not looking for tender touches.

Will finds himself unable to even get excited about the old rough stuff, vicious bites and hard fucking, which makes him even more frustrated as the hours go by on his day off.

Thankfully Bev calls right as he's finishing lunch at two.

"Sooo?"

He takes the last bite of his sandwich, cheeks burning as he remembers Hannibal, and swallows. "It went…fine."

"Fine?"

"Yeah," he says, tossing some edges of crust to the dogs, "Fine. I didn't get attacked or go home with anyone but…it was fine."

Bev is quiet for a second while Will chugs the rest of his beer.

"You're hiding something, Graham. I know that little quiver in your voice means you're not telling me something. The same thing happened after you and Molly separated. I got the truth

out of you then and if I have to come over there to get the words out now I will."

He crushes the can and tosses the remains easily into the closest garbage can.

"Fine, I...I have a date."

She's quiet again.

"Bev?"

"You got a date….with a vampire?"

"Yeah," he sighs, scratching his beard, "He was really nice giving me lots of food and drinks while I sat there like an idiot but…."

"OMG YOU'RE GOING TO HANNIBAL'S HOUSE?"

Will covers his ear to drown out her excited noises. "Yes?"

"Will….oh god....what are you gonna wear? Is he cooking for you? What did he say? Tell me everything!"

He frowns, staring down at his flannel shirt and jeans. "I was just going to wear what I normally wear. I mean a nicer shirt maybe but--"

"Nope! I'm coming over."

"Bev…."

"You are having a date, an honest to god DATE, with the hottest vampire in town. I'm gonna take you somewhere to get something decent to wear, and then we're gonna go over what I know about vampire etiquette."

Will blinks. "Vampire etiquette? What the hell is vampire etiquette?"

Bev laughs. "I'll tell you when I get there."

She ends the call and Will goes right to his closet, now suddenly even more nervous about tonight. He hasn't been on a date in five years, and Molly was the one who took charge most of the time.

And now Bev was talking about vampire etiquette.

Had he already messed up without realizing it?

He starts to go through his clothes, finding one expensive looking shirt that probably was a Christmas gift at some point because he doesn't even remember owning the brand. The pants he finds are black, a little worn, but they're enough.

No matter what Bev wants to do, he's not about to go broke for a night that might not end in anything more than a disaster.

The knock at his door brings him out of his worries, and he opens up to Bev who stops to look him over.

“Okay,” she says, “Not bad. I mean, the pants--”

“I’m not about to spend tons of money for a date with someone I barely know.”

“Don’t you want to impress him?”

Will blushes as he walks back into the house, and the dogs all bark for his attention.

“Well, I mean….”

Bev turns him back around, fixes his collar, and smiles. “He liked you in your normal boring clothes so even this will impress him, right? Sorry if I got you riled up, Will.”

He sighs. “I just...I want to have a good time.”

She wiggles her eyebrows.

“Not *that* good.”

“I thought that was what this was all about?” she asks, as he heads toward the bathroom to change out of his nice clothes.

“It was,” he says, walking down the hall, “But now, I just...want to have a nice night.”

Will changes fast, fixing up his messed hair, and comes out to find Bev holding the cupcake from last night.

“This is the cutest thing I’ve ever seen. I didn’t even know ‘Take A Sip’ made cupcakes.”

He blushes. “Hannibal gave it to me before I left. He...wanted me to remember him. Like I could even forget.”

Bev bites her bottom lip and he can tell she’s resisting the urge to make more excited noises.

“He was nice,” Will says again, blushing harder, “He was good looking and….nice. Even when he pointed out that he knew why I was there he still was nice. He told me he wanted to get to know me before we do anything, though he was ‘utterly fascinated’ by me.”

Bev lets out a loud noise and throws herself at his neck, hugging him.

“You’re gonna have a vampire boyfriend,” she whispers, “I’m so excited for you.”

“You don’t know that,” he says, pushing her gently away, “I mean things could go wrong and---”

She puts her finger over his lip. “You are *gonna* have a vampire boyfriend,” she says again, “I know it. Hannibal is...he’s a really nice guy and he’s super hot. Just say it.”

“I’m gonna have a vampire boyfriend,” Will says, blushing so red he can hardly look her in the eye.

Bev laughs, sitting down on his bed. “Now, we need to go over some stuff. I’ve been dating vampires ever since the ‘Revealing’ and there’s a few things you just can’t do.”

Will lets out a long breath as he waits for her to start. “Okay.”

“First, you have to keep your neck covered until you’re ready for biting. A lot of vampires take unbuttoned shirts at the neck as an open invite.”

“Isn’t that kind of a huge leap?”

She shrugs. “I’ve dated a few girls who bit me the first time we made out and I never talked to them again. Yes it’s hot, but anyone who thinks it’s okay to do is not the vampire for you. Better safe than sorry.”

Will nods. “What else?”

“And you should never invite a vampire into your house even in polite conversation.”

He blinks. “What?”

“Just a casual ‘you’re welcome to come by anytime’ is another easy way for creeps to take things they’re not entitled to.”

“Bev, did someone--”

She shrugs, looking oddly uncomfortable. “I have stakes, and precautions. I was fine. A vampire breaking in like that is still against the law no matter what they are.”

He stares around the room, and then at the dogs. “Maybe this is a mistake.”

Bev shoots up off the bed, grabbing his hands. “No, no! I’m sorry if I’m scaring you but I just want you to be careful that’s all.”

“I get it.”

“Will, it’s not a mistake.”

Will looks at her. “Okay. What about the end of the night?”

“What about it?”

“He said he wants to ‘get to know me’ instead of just jumping into bed. What if we end up doing that anyway? I mean how safe is it to spend the night at a vampire’s house?”

Bev’s cheeks redden a bit. “I mean, a night with the right vampire is just like a night with the right person. You’ll know by the way you feel with them.”

Will smiles. “I liked him.”

She touches his cheek. “I know.”

The rest of the late afternoon they spend getting Will ready, and syncing up for safety reasons. He promises to call her when he gets to the house, an address that Hannibal has yet to send but Will knows he’s probably in hibernation for the day. Bev leaves just before dark, so Will takes a shower and gets the dogs ready for the long night ahead.

He texts Hannibal a short message just as darkness falls.

What time is dinner?

Will sets down his phone as he gets himself ready, nerves starting to rise as he waits for a reply, and when the ding of Hannibal’s message comes he smiles.

9 p.m.

The anticipation quickly outweighs his worries and Will starts to feel excited as he finishes fixing himself up.

He’s about to go on a date with a vampire.

The previous night’s dreams suddenly pop into his mind and he feels his cock twitch. As he’s buttoning his shirt he pauses and leaves the top two buttons wide open, blushing as he looks at himself in the mirror.

“Here goes nothing.”

Chapter 3

The door opens even before Will knocks.

“Hello, Will.”

Will blushes, startled, and laughs a little. “You heard me, huh?”

Hannibal is wearing a blue three piece suit, red striped tie, and shoes Will’s sure cost more than everything he himself is wearing. “Yes. I apologize if I startled you. Please come in. Dinner's nearly ready.”

Will looks around the room as he follows Hannibal inside, smelling dinner in the air, and his nerves start to ease. “It smells amazing. I hope you didn’t go to any trouble.”

Hannibal frowns at him. “Why would I not?”

He grabs the back of his neck, blushes, and looks away. “I just...I mean it’s just for me, right? I---”

“You won’t be eating alone, Will. I’m not sure how much you know of vampires but we can ingest food other than blood.”

Will knows he’s got to be beet red. “Oh, I’m sorry I didn’t...I’m not---”

Hannibal smiles in the doorway of the dining room. “No need to apologize. You are not familiar with vampires, and it’s not a misconception I’m unfamiliar with. I was merely helping you feel less on display knowing we were sharing a meal together.”

He lets out a breath, nods, and steps through the doorway to a scene out of a Victorian novel. Hannibal has the table so elaborately decorated Will expects the Queen to come in any moment. He resists the urge to laugh, knowing that will be an actual insult, and lets himself take it as the compliment he knows it is.

“Wow.”

“I’m sure this must look rather overdone, but I rarely have guests and I just….wished to...take my time decorating the table.”

Will walks up to the table, letting his hand go over the fancy glasses and silver all around, and turns to smile back at him. “It’s great, Hannibal. Thank you.”

Hannibal nods, oddly quiet, and comes over fast to pull out Will’s chair.

“Please, sit.”

He sits and Hannibal pushes in his chair. The closeness of his vampire date makes Will’s heart beat faster. “Thank you.”

“It will just be a bit longer. Can I pour you a glass of wine?”

“Sure.”

Hannibal holds up two different bottles that he takes out of silver holders. “Red or white?”

“Surprise me.”

He pours the red, never looking away from Will, and Will sees his eyes are not quite the red he thought they were in the coffee shop and more of a clear, mesmerizing hazel.

“Your eyes,” he can’t help but say, “I thought they were red before but now…”

Hannibal smiles, and Will licks his lips when he sees a bit of his fangs. “You really do not know much about vampires, do you?”

“No,” Will says, blushing again as he takes a sip of his wine, “My friend Bev she---”

“Beverly Katz?”

“Yeah, she said you knew each other.”

“Yes,” Hannibal says softly, “Beverly is rather charming, though she has not been around in some time due to conflict.”

Will frowns. “Conflict?”

“She and my sister Mischa had a flirtation that did not end well. I think it was a case of misunderstanding and stubbornness. Mischa quite liked her.”

“Oh.”

“I’ve gone off into another direction. We were talking about my eyes.”

“Yeah. I’m not…didn’t you have dinner to finish?” Will mumbles, blushing.

Hannibal nods. “Yes.”

“You should go check on that.”

They share a look that lasts longer than it should, and when he leaves Will lets out a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding. He holds his shirt together in his fist, feeling foolish, and starts to button it up again.

“Dinner is...oh. I’ve upset you.”

He quickly finishes buttoning his collar as Hannibal stands staring at him while pushing a cart filled with food. “No, I just…”

Hannibal hurries to put the covered dishes on the table, seeming as upset as Will feels, and he notices his eyes are red again. “Your eyes…”

He doesn't look at Will as he uncovers Will's dish.

"Vampire eyes turn red during moments of extreme emotional reaction."

"Oh."

The food in front of Will makes his stomach growl. "Smoked Cajun butter finished Canadian Wagyu Bavette with sautéed potatoes and wine soaked carrots."

"It looks and smells amazing. I—"

Hannibal is over on the other side of the table so fast Will feels even worse. He cuts his meat with his stomach in knots. So much for a vampire boyfriend.

The food is amazing, so much so he can't resist a few moans of pleasure that he cuts off fast in the next few minutes.

Will is so upset he can hardly enjoy his meal, so he sets down his utensils after only a few bites of potato. "I'm gonna go. I obviously fucked this up and you're being too polite so I'm just gonna be rude for the both of us."

He stands, pushing back his chair, and turns only for Hannibal to suddenly be blocking his way.

"Please sit."

"Hannibal…"

"Please, Will. Let me explain."

Will sits, still feeling like an idiot, and to his surprise Hannibal takes the seat beside him.

"I planned this entire evening down to every last detail after you left the shop," Hannibal sighs, his eyes still red, "And the whole evening before you came. I knew you were quite nervous and wished to make the night comfortable in any way I could. When I came back in to see you closing your collar…"

Will blushed. "You noticed that, huh?"

"The sight of your bare throat when you arrived excited me greatly."

"Your eyes weren't red."

"Not that type of excitement. I took the open neck as an unintentional gesture that meant you were comfortable with me already and when you closed it—"

He blushes. "I thought you were laughing at me about the eye thing."

"No, I would never," Hannibal says, taking his hand, "The fact that you know so little about vampires is quite refreshing, Will. Most of the humans who come for a taste of vampire sex

are there for….a monster in their bed. I knew immediately you were not looking for just that. Were you?"

Will swallows. "I thought I was."

"And you are no longer?"

He shakes his head. "No."

"What changed your mind?"

"You," Will whispers, "I couldn't get off to the porn this morning after I dreamt of you all night being so....Hannibal…"

Will's hands shake as he unbuttons his shirt again, and his face feels like it's on fire. He hears Hannibal growl and looks up to see his red eyes. "I think it best if you go home now, Will. I….am struggling to control my urges."

"I don't want you to control them."

"I know," he says, hissing, "Which is why you need to go."

He's caught between wanting to push and knowing he shouldn't when he gets up from the chair. "The dreams I had last night," he whispers, his voice shaking, "You were….tender. I'm not afraid of you."

"Will…"

Will runs a finger over his throat. "You're welcome in my home anytime."

Hannibal's growl goes right to his cock. "Will…"

"Goodnight, Hannibal."

He leaves the dining room and pauses, body aching, only to go the rest of the way. Will's car seems too far but he runs, desperate, and the minute he's inside he pulls out his cock. The first touch makes him groan, pressing his face against the steering wheel, and it only takes a few strokes before he's spilling over his palm.

"Fuck," he pants, "Fuck, fuck...fuck."

Will turns his head to lay his cheek against the wheel and moans at the sight of someone in his driver side window. Hannibal's eyes are red, almost glowing, and Will can't seem to be ashamed or embarrassed.

He rolls the window down, not lifting his head, and holds out his hand. Will sighs when Hannibal takes hold and begins to lick, fangs teasing across his skin.

"Will…"

“Hannibal, please,” he whispers, closing his eyes, “I don’t….”

Hannibal puts Will’s tongue bathed hand to his cheek and the coolness of his skin makes Will shiver. “Goodnight, Will.”

Will sighs as Hannibal gently lets go of his hand. “Goodnight, Hannibal.”

He pulls away from the curb, still shaking, and the last thing he sees in his back window is Hannibal watching him go. His hand is still wet from Hannibal’s tongue and doesn’t wipe it away.

Tonight’s dreams are going to be filled with the memory, and he wants to remember all that he can.

Chapter 4

“So you just...left?”

Will blushes, sipping his coffee. “Yeah.”

“Will....”

He rubs the back of his neck, feeling warmer now. “He wanted me to go, Bev, so I left. I went home, jerked off again, and went to bed. It’s been two days and all I do is go to bed at night thinking about him. When I wake up I can’t stop thinking about him, but he hasn’t texted or called so I don’t know what to think. Is this how dating is now? Am I supposed to call him? Do vampires not call people?”

“Well,” she sighs, pouring sugar into her cup, “My experience with vampires is that if they want to talk to you, they will. You didn’t do anything stupid like tell him he could come over anytime so....really you just have to wait.”

He takes a long sip of his coffee, not meeting her eyes, and feels his face heat up even more.

“Oh, Will…you *didn’t* .”

Will sets the mug down. “I was caught up in the moment.”

Bev grabs his hand. “I had to move out of my last apartment for getting ‘caught up’ with a vampire. I am totally a vampire groupie, don’t get me wrong but...you have to be careful.”

He sighs. “I thought that was being careful. Hell, I was ready to spread myself across the table and offer up my body like a blood bag. Maybe I’m not cut out for this.”

She squeezes his hand. “You’re gonna get a vampire boyfriend if I have to find you one myself.”

“Or girlfriend,” Will laughs, “Maybe Hannibal’s sister is looking for someone.”

Will watches her face fall as she lets his hand go. “Yeah, maybe.”

“Bev?”

Bev takes out her phone, texting someone, and then smiles the type of smile that doesn’t reach her eyes. “Yeah?”

“Hannibal told me,” he says, “About you and his sister. It’s none of my business but…”

“There isn’t anything to talk about, Will, so don’t ask.”

He nods. “Sorry about the joke.”

She shakes her head. “Don’t apologize, it was funny. You’re rarely funny so you should always take advantage when comedy strikes you.”

Will pokes her foot with his under the table. “Shut up.”

Bev grins. “Never.”

He laughs. “Thanks for coming over to bug me. I was feeling sorry for myself.”

“I could tell when you only answered me in one word responses the last two days. Have you been this way at work?”

“I mostly talk about murder to a group of college students at work. They hardly notice me.”

She smiles. “I’m sure there’s not one college kid with a crush on Professor Graham.”

“There isn’t,” Will mumbles, “Believe me.”

“Don’t sound so bitter there, Professor.”

Will rolls his eyes. “Yeah, yeah. Sure.”

He resists the urge to check his phone again, knowing it’s daytime and Hannibal would be asleep anyway, and instead gets up to refill the dogs’ bowls. The distraction doesn’t help, and by the time he’s suddenly cleaning out his fridge Bev pulls him out of his head again.

“Just text him. The worst that could happen is you’re ignored, and then you can move on to trying to pick up another hot vampire.”

He sighs and pulls out his phone to send a quick text message.

I had a good time the other night.

It’s a non committal message, shows intent without sounding desperate, and he feels okay enough to put his phone on the counter.

“Okay, that wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be.”

Bev wraps an arm around him. “See? Now you can clean the fridge, and I’ll order something for lunch? You want pizza?”

“Sure.”

Hours later they’ve finished a whole family size sausage pepperoni paradise together and Will feels somewhat normal for the first time in days as they start watching a movie. Which is why it’s almost a shock for his phone to vibrate.

As did I. Would you like to accompany me to Frères de Sang this evening at nine p.m.? It is a vampire owned establishment but they do have human meals on the menu.

“Well? What does it say???”

Will smiles. “He invited me to that French vampire restaurant tonight.”

Bev grabs the phone.

“Answer him!”

His hand shakes as he holds the phone and he types slowly.

Worried to be alone with me again?

Bev whistles. “Graham, you flirter.”

He blushes. “I wasn’t flirting, I was just asking.”

She grabs the popcorn and looks at his phone screen. “This is better than the movie.”

Will tries to stand but she grabs his arm. “C’mon, Bev.”

“Nooooo lemme see! Please?”

He sighs and blushes hard when he looks at the phone again.

Yes.

Bev shakes him. “You’re gonna have a vampire boyfriend!”

Will gets out of her hold and rushes toward the backdoor, not caring that some of the dogs follow him outside. He stares at the one word, remembering the look in Hannibal’s eyes as he licked his fingers, and types.

I’m not.

A second later Hannibal answers.

You should be.

Will smiles.

I will be there at nine. I’ll be sure to come dressed up and hungry.

He waits for a response and doesn’t get any, but Bev is leaning against the counter with an expectant look. “Well?”

“I have another date.”

She grins. “You don’t need my help dressing up this time, do you? You can’t wear the same thing twice. He’ll remember.”

Will shakes his head. “No, I...I got it. I...sort of...bought something just in case.”

“Show me.”

“No, it’s…”

“Please?”

He sighs, heading upstairs, and comes down with the suit.

“The salesman said the color brought out my eyes.”

Bev blinks. “Oh Will...you’re gonna so get laid tonight.”

“What? No, I…”

She walks up to him, touches the royal blue fabric, and smiles. “You *are* . He is gonna flip when he sees you.”

Will blushes. “Maybe I should wear something else.”

“Don’t you *dare* .”

He smiles, looking at his suit, and then turns to her. “You wanna see it on?”

Bev turns him around and starts pushing him up the stairs.

“As if you had to ask. C’mon! C’mon!”

They rush upstairs and he hurries inside his unused bedroom. Ten minutes later after Bev’s impatient knocks and bored moans he opens the door.

“Now my hair isn’t perfect and I might change the tie but…”

“Turn for me,” Bev says, oddly stoic.

He does, still blushing, and when he looks at her again she whistles.

“You are so getting laid tonight,” she grins, “Just remember not to beg to be bitten the first time but anytime after that beg all you want.”

Will shakes his head. “What would I do without you?”

She shrugs. “Be wallowing in self pity after your divorce and die alone a sad dog man?”

He heads back inside the bedroom. “Yeah well....at least one of us has a love life,” he says, “And doesn’t avoid people they like because of…”

Bev grabs him from behind and puts her hand over his mouth. “Stop.”

Will nods. “Sorry.”

“Right now the most important thing one here is you. I can get laid anytime I want. You...are past due.”

He takes a deep breath that he lets out slowly. “He said he wants to get to know me.”

“He did say that but one look at you tonight will change that I promise.”

Will turns and hugs her. “Thanks, Bev. I don’t know how I would’ve been able to get the courage to even try this without you.”

“You’re welcome. Now, go put that sex magnet suit back on the hanger so we can finish the movie. I want to know who’s killing all those naughty teens.”

He laughs and heads back into the bedroom, his heart racing as he takes off every piece of his clothes, and when he’s done he admires the whole suit again.

Even if tonight didn’t end in him getting laid he was determined to have a good time with Hannibal, and if it didn’t go well with him there would be plenty of other vampires in the restaurant, right?

Will sighs, runs his fingers over the suit, and starts to get redressed again.

“Hurry up in there!”

He smiles.

“I’m almost done!”

Will finishes pulling on his jeans and takes one more look at the suit before he leaves.

If he doesn’t get laid tonight at least he’ll look damn good.

Chapter 5

Frères de Sang is the most vampire place Will has ever been.

Take A Sip had elements of vampiry decor and colors, but from the ceiling to the floor he knows while humans may be “allowed” they’re definitely not the norm here at this particular restaurant. He almost thinks for a second about turning around to leave but when the man in front of him exits the line suddenly he’s stuck.

The vampire behind the podium has blonde hair, blue eyes, and is wearing a blood red dress that leaves little to the imagination. Her eyes flash a bit red as he steps closer, from what Will isn’t sure, and it gives him pause.

“Hello, sir,” she says, leaning forward to show off her obvious cleavage, “Table for one?”

He tries to keep the nervousness out of his voice but is sure she can hear his heart go a mile a minute. “No, I’m...waiting for someone. Lecter?”

Almost immediately her smile vanishes and she straightens, fixing her dress just as she goes into professional mode. “Oh yes, right this way.”

“No need, Helena. I can lead him.”

Will’s relief at seeing Hannibal is immediate and he smiles as his whole body relaxes. He feels warm as Hannibal looks at him with obvious hunger and the red glow of his eyes making Will’s dick twitch even before Hannibal takes his hand.

“You look exquisite,” he whispers, kissing Will’s hand.

He blushes. “Thanks.”

“Let me show you to our table.”

They walk hand in hand by several other tables and Will can feel eyes on him the entire time. Hannibal pulls out his seat when they get to a table in the far back corner with two bottles of wine already waiting along with menus, and Will sits with his back to the wall while Hannibal sits with the entire room at his.

“You look good too,” Will says, feeling like shit he didn’t say it sooner, “Great, even. We both picked blue tonight.”

Hannibal’s suit is dark blue to Will’s light, and has soft purple stripes along with a purple shirt and tie that’s both. He seems to look good in anything, but tonight Will can’t look away.

“Thank you, Will,” Hannibal purrs, picking up a bottle, “I took the liberty of getting a bottle for us both. Would you like some?”

“Sure,” Will says, licking his lips as Hannibal pours.

The menu that Will opens is only two pages and he immediately decides on the first chicken thing he sees.

“They have menus for both vampires and humans here but I apologize if the menu is...lacking.”

He smiles over the top of the menu. “It’s fine, I’m too nervous to eat much anyway.”

Hannibal frowns. “Nervous?”

Will shakes his head. “Not about you, just about,” he looks out at the restaurant, “All this. I don’t want to embarrass you.”

He shivers when Hannibal takes his hand. “I couldn’t care less about the opinions of the people in this room. You are the only person I want to impress. You…” he kisses Will’s hand, “...have my full attention this evening and all I wish is for you to be yourself.”

He blushes. “I...sometimes I feel like you can’t be real. You’re too---”

Will nearly jumps in surprise when the waiter appears at the table.

“Good evening, and welcome to Frères de Sang,” he says, giving Will a cursory glance before he stares right at Hannibal, “Are you ready to order, sir?”

“Please take my companion’s order first,” Hannibal purrs, kissing Will’s hand, “I am more than willing to wait.”

Will feels like his face is on fire as he tries to order. “Um...the Coq Au Vin with the...um...beets.”

“Very good, sir,” the waiter says, “And for you, Mr. Lecter?”

“My usual blend along with the steak.”

“Poured over or alongside?”

“Surprise me.”

“Very good. I will have those up for you both as soon as possible.”

“Thank you.”

There was a long pause after the waiter left, and Will sips his wine to fill in the time.

“Beets are...very food for blood flow,” Hannibal says softly, reaching for Will’s hand.

“I know,” Will mumbles, smiling a little, “I..”

“Do you like beets? I don’t want you to think your diet needs to change to foods you do not enjoy. We’re taking this slow, are we not?”

Will lifts his gaze. “I do,” he says, squeezing Hannibal’s hand, “And I...think we can take this anyway we feel comfortable with.”

Hannibal smiles. “Are you that eager to bed a vampire?”

“Very,” Will says, his blush feeling permanent now, “I’ve been eager for months but...since we met...I haven’t been thinking of bedding just ‘ *a vampire* .’ I’ve been thinking of nothing but you.”

The red glow of Hannibal’s eyes makes him warm from head to toe.

“Will…”

“I know everyone can hear us,” he sighs, “But I…I really don’t care. If we wait three dates, four, five...I’ll still want you.”

“You may find that after you’ve experienced what you crave, it will not be something you wish to do again.”

Will laughs. “Are you that bad in bed, Hannibal?”

They hear a glass fall and both turn in time to see several heads turn away from them at once.

“I assure you,” Hannibal says, kissing his hand, “I am not. There is more than likely someone here who can vouch for that.”

Will glares out at the crowd. “Not really something I want to hear.”

Hannibal smiles. “Jealous already, Will?”

“A little. I mean...why shouldn’t I be?”

“No one here matters to me, Will. I could have bedded one, ten, or a hundred of the restaurant’s patrons but none of them matter. *You* matter.”

He blushes, looking down at his suit, and then back up again. “You barely know me. Are you that eager to get your teeth into me, Hannibal?”

Hannibal puts Will’s hand on his cheek and the cool touch makes him shiver.

“The end of this, Will, is going to be spectacular, but I’m eager to just enjoy my time with you until then. As I said when this all began, I wish to *know* you before I taste you. My wishes have not changed. The more time we spend together the more eager I am to know everything about you.”

Will licks his lips. “What do you want to know?”

Hannibal smiles. “As I’ve said already, I want to know everything.”

He moves to take his hand back but Hannibal grabs for him again, squeezing their hands together.

“I’m a pretty boring guy.”

“I disagree. You are quite brave, and seem very eager to experience things that others would not dare to even think of.”

Will stares down at their joint hands. “A lot of people want to fuck vampires.”

“Yet, not a lot of them seek one out.”

“I’m...not sure now is the time for this conversation. We have a lot of sharp ears in this room.”

They both turned in time again for many people to look away from them. Will’s cheeks flushed bright red, though he didn’t let go of Hannibal’s hand.

“I agree,” Hannibal says softly, squeezing his hand, “Would you care to join me back to my home after our meal is over for a...nightcap?”

Will smiles. “Just a nightcap?”

“We’ll see where the night takes us after the drink,” Hannibal whispers, kissing his hand.

He feels warm all over before he answers.

“I’d love to share a...drink...with you.”

Hannibal’s eyes flash red a moment before the waiter is there with their meals. He can almost feel Hannibal’s teeth in his neck, and his cock hardens just thinking about the idea.

“Dinner is served, gentlemen.”

Will takes a sip of his wine and it does nothing to quench the sudden thirst that seems to ooze from every part of him. He watches Hannibal slowly cut his steak, stab a piece with his fork, and wait just a moment before bringing the meat to his mouth. The flash of fang he shows makes Will bite back a moan.

“I’m... *very* hungry, Will….aren’t you?”

He swallows past the dryness in his throat as he stares down at his chicken but when presses his fork into a beet instead. The red eyes he stares into make him warm all over.

“*Very*.”

Chapter 6

Anticipation is worse than nerves.

Every bite of food Will can't help but stare at Hannibal's mouth, which then makes him flash his fangs, and Will's cock can barely handle seeing them.

"Penny for your thoughts."

Will blushes. "I'm not sure I want to say them."

He smiles. "No?"

"You probably already know what they are."

"I could hazard a guess at some, but not all. Will…"

"You said you wanted to get to know me," Will sighs,"But I'm finding it hard not to...want to do other things even now. Maybe I'm a little too…"

The waiter came up between them, holding the water jug, "Thirsty, sir?"

Will blushes. "What?"

"Oh, I apologize, I was just coming to see if you wanted your water refilled."

"No, we're fine," Hannibal says, reaching for Will's hand, "Please leave."

The waiter goes, Will's face is bright red now, and he frowns. "Will, please continue."

"Everyone in here can hear us talking, even that waiter. I'm not...I can't. Not here."

"I understand," he says, kissing Will's hand, "Would you like to come back to my home for that drink now?"

Will swallows, letting out a long breath. "Now?"

"Yes."

He feels all the blood in him go straight to his cock as he tries to calm down. "And that's all?"

"We can still see where the night takes us," Hannibal whispers, brushing Will's fingers with his, "But in private."

"Okay," he whispers.

He feels a shudder go through him as Hannibal's eyes turn just a little red before he gestures to get the attention of a waiter. The same waiter returns and looks just as eager as he was with the water.

"How can I help you, sir?"

"Check, please."

"Are you certain, sir? We have a very fine dessert…"

"Check, *please* ."

"Of course."

The waiter leaves, and Will feels eyes on them from all over. "I feel like everyone is watching us."

"So?"

"It's just so embarrassing," he mumbles, "The stupid human caught thirsting after…"

Hannibal kisses his hand again, his fangs brushing Will's skin and making him shiver.

"You think I care what these others think, Will? As I told you before, no one here matters, nor does anyone I bedded before now. My focus is and will be entirely on you while we're seeing each other...and perhaps even after if things do not go well."

Will frowns. "Hannibal…"

"I've been intrigued by you since the moment I saw you," Hannibal whispers, "As my sister knew immediately. You may have had other reasons to come into my shop but I'm grateful for them, even if after you've had your fill you decide it's not for you."

"You really think I'd go back to being with some random human after this? We haven't even...I mean...I've never felt like this with anyone else."

Hannibal smiles. "That is a very high compliment, and I will try to live up to it."

He looks down, lost in thought, and the waiter comes back again. "Thank you for coming to see us this evening, gentlemen, we're…"

"Keep the change," Hannibal says, handing the water several bills before taking Will's hand, "We don't need it."

Will lets himself be nearly pulled up from the table, heart beating so fast he's dizzy, and Hannibal rushes him out of the restaurant. There's a chill in the air outside, so close to fall, and Hannibal's hand in his is so cold but he doesn't want to let go.

"Your car?"

“It’s...I don’t remember.”

Hannibal smiles. “I’ll find it for you.”

His car isn’t very far from where they were, tucked away in the corner, and when Hannibal stops Will hates to lose the touch of his hand as it falls. “Here it is.”

Will licks his lips. “I’ll see you there.”

He touches Will’s cheek. “I certainly hope so.”

Will frowns just as he seems to disappear, rushing away so fast, and he turns to get in the driver’s seat still disoriented from everything else. He starts the car, pulls on his seatbelt, and tries not to overthink this.

Did Hannibal think he wanted to leave? After all that?

Will pulls out of his parking spot, worries digging at him as he drives, and the more his thoughts churn the worse it gets.

Maybe this is a mistake.

He sighs as he picks up his phone at a light, tears in his eyes, and before he can do something stupid he calls Bev on speakerphone.

“Will?”

“Tell me to go to Hannibal’s house and not drive home.”

“Wait, what? You’re leaving the restaurant to go to his house?”

Will sighs as the light turns green, and he drives still in the direction of Hannibal’s house.

“Yeah, it...I think...I think the suit worked.”

“Then why do you sound so upset?”

“What if I mess up?” he mumbles, “What if...what if vampire sex isn’t all it’s cracked up to be?”

“I’ll tell you right now, Will,” she says, “It *is* . I’ve had sex with MANY vampires, and it most definitely is. Go to that house, get yourself a nice vampire boyfriend, and don’t think about what might happen. Yeah you might not fall in love but you’ll have a great time. Your last relationship crashed and burned because you knew you needed more. This, this is *more* . Take what you need, especially when it’s being offered.”

Will nods, letting out a sigh, and flips on his turn signal. “Thanks Bev.”

“You’re welcome. Now go have hot vampire sex and totally call me tomorrow to tell me how it goes. Okay?”

“Okay.”

“Goodnight, Graham.”

“Goodnight.”

Will pushes away all negative thoughts as he pulls up to Hannibal’s house, shocked to see he’s sitting outside on the front porch. Hannibal looks up as he pulls in, and Will’s not even one foot out the door before Hannibal kisses him.

It’s a hard kiss, but still gentle, and Will whimpers as he feels fangs brush his tongue as they part.

“I...apologize.”

Will smiles. “For what?”

“I thought perhaps you may have gone home.”

“Was it that long?”

“No, but…”

“You invited me for a nightcap,” Will says, “I’m not really sure what that even means but…”

“A drink before bed,” Hannibal whispers, pulling him toward the house, “Or at the end of an evening.”

Will tries to calm down even as he knows he won’t, and when Hannibal opens the door he nearly stumbles, falling into his arms. “I...sorry.”

“It’s alright,” Hannibal says, helping him up, “I’ve got you.”

“Yeah, you do,” Will says, his voice shaking.

He touches Will’s cheek. “I’ve got you now, Will, but...for how long?”

“I guess we’ll wait and see.”

Hannibal smiles. “I guess we will.”

Will doesn’t move away from him, and takes Hannibal's hand just as he shuts the door. The house feels different now, warmer, and as they head for the dining room he doesn’t try to calm down.

Not this time.

“I can pour us some wine, or make you something from the cafe.”

“I’m not really feeling like coffee or that pink thing Mischa made so…”

Hannibal squeezes his hand and smiles. “I can make you something warm...and sweet.”

Will blushes. “Ok.”

He sits on a stool by the counter when they get into the kitchen, and watches Hannibal work with graceful precision. There’s no hiding his quickness here, and Will doesn’t want him to, so when he finishes in record time it does nothing but heighten Will’s want of him.

The cup he puts in front of Will isn’t too big but it’s not small, and when he lifts it up to take a sip the taste of chocolate and strawberries catches Will by surprise. “It’s...I didn’t even see you get the strawberries, and it’s brown.”

Hannibal smiles. “I know. It’s strawberry hot chocolate. I remember the happiness you displayed tasting Mischa’s strawberry blend so I…”

Will gets up from the stool and grabs his tie, kissing him softly. Hannibal’s growl makes Will’s cock ache, but he still pulls back to smile. “Thank you.”

“The strawberries?”

“Home,” Will whispers, “My dad...he used to make these strawberry shortcakes when I was a kid back home and I just...it made me remember.”

“I’m glad to add that for you tonight, though thinking of your father at the moment may not be the most needed.”

Will laughs. “No, but...like you said...we’ll see where the night takes us.”

Hannibal smiles, and his fangs make Will lick his lips. “Yes, we certainly will.”

Chapter 7

Will drinks his hot chocolate with Hannibal standing close, touching him so often he's practically aching by the time he reaches the bottom of the mug. He pushes it toward him, licking his lips, and Hannibal stares at his mouth so openly he blushes.

"Thank you," he says, "It was amazing."

Hannibal smiles, squeezing his hand. "You're welcome."

He watches him put the mug into the sink so fast he barely gets to blink, and soon Will's off the stool into his arms.

"I'm going to ask you a simple question, Will," Hannibal says, eyes already starting to glow, "And there is no wrong answer."

Will nods. "Ok."

His hand moves up to Will's neck, and Will trembles at the touch. "I know I said I wanted to…take our time, but tonight…I know we both want the same thing."

"Y…yeah, yes.," Will says.

Hannibal smiles. "That wasn't the question."

He blushes and looks down. "Oh, sorry I…"

Hannibal lifts Will's chin up, his eyes flashing as he stares at him. "I can maintain control and not…indulge…if I must. I'm very good at controlling my need for blood. Do…do you want me to bite you tonight?"

Will lets out a long breath, and nods. "Yes."

"Vampire sex is still quite pleasurable without it, and…"

He kisses him then, unable to stop, and when he pulls back Hannibal's eyes are completely red.

"I want everything with you," Will says, his voice shaking, "Not because you're a vampire, even though that's a plus, but…just…I've never been so attracted to anyone in my entire life, vampire or not."

Hannibal smiles. "Thank you for the…compliment, I…was drawn to you from the moment you set foot into Take A Sip. Though you already know that."

"Hannibal…"

"Every vampire pornographic film I've ever watched begins in a bedroom," Hannibal says, leaning in to kiss Will's cheek, "With a terrified human shocked at who enters."

Will laughs, already so hard it's almost painful. "Yeah, they do."

"Your heart is beating wildly right now, Will," he whispers, "Is it from terror?"

He sighs. "No."

“What then?”

“Hannibal…”

“Tell me, please.”

“I want this,” he whispers, “So bad, I…I want… *you* .”

“You want me to bite you?”

“No, not just…don’t tease me, Hannibal.”

He grazes his fangs over Will’s skin and Will moans. “I’m not teasing, Will, please tell me.”

Will feels tears in his eyes. “I want you to fuck me.”

Hannibal pulls him closer, pressing lips to his ear, and the cold of his skin does nothing to cool down Will’s desire.

“Not in a bedroom,” Hannibal says, “I will not repeat what you’ve seen before.”

Will sighs. “I don’t care, I…”

A sudden growl makes Will groan as Hannibal rips open his trousers, yanking them down to his ankles. He presses him against the counter as he tears at Will’s shirt, the cool air hitting his skin as he lets the remains of his clothes be ruined.

It’s the hottest thing that’s ever happened to Will in his entire life.

Will can barely stand when he’s through, completely naked, and Hannibal still fully dressed.

“Beautiful.”

He blushes. “You…you still have clothes on.”

Hannibal smiles and gets down on his knees. “Yes, I know.”

“But…”

He grips Will’s hips, pressing a kiss to his inner thigh. “Shh…”

Fangs near your cock should not be a turn on, but as Hannibal licks up Will’s hardness he nearly comes from that alone. He grazes his fangs along the way, and the sting reminds him the whole time what might happen.

Will he bite his cock?

Does Will want him to?

He licks down the backside, and Will grips the counter as his knees nearly buckle.

“Fuck,” he groans, “Fuck, fuck…”

Hannibal takes hold of Will's legs then, one hand coming around his cock to stroke, and when he sucks on the tip Will throws his head back as he shouts.

He growls, taking him in past his throat, and Will knows he's gonna come if he doesn't stop.

"S…stop," he gasps, "Stop."

Hannibal stops immediately, looking up with concern. "Will?"

"I don't want to come with your mouth," he says, his voice shaking, "I…I want to come when you're inside me."

His eyes light up when he smiles. "I see."

"I just…I…don't look so smug."

Hannibal laughs. "Your heart is beating faster the longer I do, so I suspect you like it when I look smug."

Will smiles. "Ok, but…"

He's up again fast, lifting Will with ease, and when their mouths come together Will is lost. He remembers a million kisses with his ex-wife that always felt wanting, always missing something, and as Hannibal walks them across the house he knows it's this.

Heat.

Hannibal's skin is ice cold and yet Will's whole body feels like it's on fire. He sighs when Hannibal lays him down, and realizes they're on a couch. "Where…?"

“My study,” Hannibal says, throwing off his suit coat and pulling at his tie, “It’s not a bed, but it’s comfortable and I want you to be comfortable.”

Will smiles. “I wouldn’t have cared if it was the kitchen counter,” he laughs, “Or the stairs. I…I just want you.”

Hannibal’s eyes are completely lit now, and Will knows if the light was off they’d glow in the dark.

“I can smell how much you want me,” Hannibal says, growling as he pulls down his pants, “I’ve…tasted it.”

“Hannibal…”

“I would have you on your stomach, but I need to see. I…I need it.”

Will’s aching as he pulls him down hard.

“Open your legs.”

“I don’t want…”

“I won’t let you come, Will,” Hannibal says, his voice hard, “I promise I won’t let you come unless I’m inside you.”

Will’s trembles as Hannibal gets down on his knees again. “You…you can do that?”

Hannibal smiles. “You’d be surprised at what I can do.”

“I…I want to be,” he says, opening his legs.

“Good boy.”

The words make Will blush just before Hannibal pulls him in hard and shoves his tongue inside him. It’s ice cold, and yet Will’s almost sweating after a few seconds.

“Oh god, oh…oh…Hannibal…I…”

His licks and plunges are unending, so much so Will’s practically in tears so fast he can hardly breathe.

“Hannibal, Hannibal…H…”

He bites at Will’s asscheek, and he shouts but even as his cock is desperate to come it teeters on the edge.

“Please, please, please…oh god…”

Hannibal digs his nails into Will’s skin, growling, and he lets out a sob as he presses in two fingers.

“Fuck me,” Will begs, “Oh god Hannibal please…I can’t…I…”

He doesn’t stop, fingering Will as he gorges, and when Will feels like he’s about to break he stops.

Will lets out a whimper, shaking as Hannibal rushes in a whoosh and when he returns he’s practically salivating as he watches Will.

“Look at you.”

“I need you to fuck me,” Will whimpers, “I…I need…”

Hannibal’s cock juts out in front of him and yet he lifts Will’s leg up to lick at his toes.

“Will…”

“I’m…I can’t…”

He licks down Will’s ankles, and every cool touch is absolute torture.

“I would devour you,” he whispers, “Every inch.”

“Please, Hannibal I can’t…”

Hannibal gets on the couch on his knees, lifting Will’s legs up on his shoulders, and stares down at him with his fangs full out.

“What do you want, Will?”

“You,” Will sobs, “I want you.”

Hannibal kisses his toes one by one and smiles. “Now?”

“Yes, now! Why do you keep…”

The first thrust makes Will groan, digging his nails into Hannibal’s back, and when he practically bends him in to kiss Will has tears streaming down his face.

“Will…”

“So full,” Will whimpers, “So…”

He kisses him harder then, fangs biting down on Will’s tongue, and the bite only makes Will moan. Hannibal pulls back, mouth wet with blood, and smiles.

“Perfect.”

“Hannibal…”

Hannibal begins to move faster, growling, and the relentless pace has Will’s cock aching so badly he knows he’s gonna pass out if he comes. Every thrust hits his prostate, every single one, and when Hannibal pulls out he starts to sob.

“No, no, no…”

“Shh…”

He sits on the couch, and pulls Will up into his lap. “I’m sorry I’ve withheld you so long,” he whispers, kissing the tears from his cheeks, “Are you in pain?”

“No, it…it feels so good.”

Hannibal smiles. “Do you want to come now, Will?”

Will whimpers. “I…I don’t know.”

Hannibal lays back. “Take your pleasure, Will, take all of it.”

He’s shaking as he moves above Hannibal, sinking down onto his cock, and cries out when he’s full again. Will starts to move, moaning so loud he’s sure even the neighbors can hear, and Hannibal sits up to press kisses to his neck.

“Take it,” he repeats, “Take your pleasure.”

Will starts to move faster, even though he knows he won’t come but it’s too good.

So fucking good.

Hannibal growls, nuzzling his neck, and when Will feels like he might pass out it happens.

Hannibal bites him.

He comes with a shout, screaming, and Hannibal sucks harder as he spills between them. He thrusts up, growling, and rolls them over fucking Will with abandon until he feels his come fill him up ice cold.

It’s strange and amazing at the same time.

Will never wants to stop.

Hannibal keeps going, grunting with effort, and Will's barely able to keep his eyes open as he pulls back to hiss.

"H…ann…ibal…"

He licks his neck, nuzzling, and whispers in his ear.

"Mine."

"Oh god yes."

Will blacks out before he can even think of anything else, and when he wakes he's in bed and the lamp is still on but he knows it's got to be morning. The blackout curtains prevent any light from getting inside, and he turns to look at Hannibal.

He looks dead to the world, stone still, and yet he's still the best looking person Will's ever seen.

Will touches his cheek.

"I don't know if you can hear me," he whispers, "But…last night was amazing and…I'm gonna stick around. Okay?"

Hannibal doesn't answer, obviously can't, and Will just lays down with a sigh against him.

He doesn't want to leave until he can talk to him again, and if that means the whole day alone he's fine with that. Will snuggles against him, not caring for the cold, and closes his eyes.

After last night he could use a couple more hours.

Will takes Hannibal's hand and entwines their fingers. "It was better than I ever dreamed, and I know it's because it was you."

Will falls asleep again smiling.

Chapter 8

Will wakes up again around noon, turning to look at Hannibal still dead to the world. He reaches out to touch him, the stiff coldness making him frown. It's something he's gotta get used to, he knows, but still it's not exactly fun to see him like that.

He leaves the bedroom to take a shower, coming back out to change into his clothes from last night only to realize he can't because they're all in pieces.

Will grabs a robe, laughing to himself, and heads downstairs.

Hannibal's kitchen is spotless, not a single reminder of last night to be seen. He runs his hand over the counter, remembering, and even the stool he sat on to have his hot chocolate.

Memories he wants to remember so soon is definitely a good sign. Right?

He pulls out his phone to see several missed calls from Bev, and texts, so he calls her back immediately.

"WILL GRAHAM YOU BETTER HAVE AN AMAZING EXPLANATION WHY YOU DIDN'T ANSWER YOUR PHONE ALL NIGHT! I had to call MISCHA! IT WAS THE WORST AND I AM SO MAD I—"

Will frowns. "Bev, I…I'm sorry. I didn't think, I just…are you ok?"

Bev sighs. "I'm fine, I just…are *you* ok? Mischa called Hannibal who assured her you were just asleep. It better be from all the sex you were having, because—"

Will hops up on the closest stool and smiles. "It was."

She squeals. “Ok, ok…tell me everything.”

He sighs. “I…I can’t tell you *everything* .”

“Will, c’mon…”

Will chews on his bottom lip a little, remembering last night vividly, and gets lost in the thoughts a moment.

“Will?”

“Oh,” he laughs, “Sorry my mind wandered.”

Bev laughs. “Oh god, it was that good?”

He grins, nodding even though she can’t see. “I had a good time, and I think he did too.”

She sighs. “Are you gonna let me take you to lunch today so I can grill you over this? Cuz I think I deserve it.”

Will frowns. “I was gonna stick around.”

“All day? He’s not gonna wake up till five at the earliest.”

“Yeah, I want to see him when he gets up. I just—”

Bev laughs. “You’re just…I mean…Will he’s your *first* . You’re all starry eyed right now but still it’s not like you’re gonna go into some blood pact or something. It’s not rude to go home, you can come see him after dark.”

“I want to stay, Bev.”

“Ok, well—”

“I also…um….don’t have any clothes.”

She pauses. “Don’t have any clothes? What did you come there in, you didn’t come naked so how…OH! OH MY GOD! HE TORE OFF YOUR CLOTHES? WILL OH MY GOD!”

Will covers his face with one hand. “This is why I didn’t want to tell you everything, you’re making fun of me.”

“I am NOT making fun of you, I’m jealous as hell. I’ve slept with a ton of vampires and not ONE ripped my clothes off. You’re…Will, I don’t even know what to say.”

He laughs. “Maybe you can bring me some clothes? I don’t…”

A knock at the door made him pause.

“Will? I don’t know where Hannibal lives but I…Will?”

He gets up from the stool, frowning. “Someone’s knocking at the door.”

“It’s probably a delivery or something.”

“At a vampire’s house in the middle of the afternoon?”

“I—”

The doorbell rings then, and Will walks across the house to see if he can spot who’s outside.

It’s someone in a delivery truck uniform, and from here they can see Will clearly.

“DELIVERY!” the person yells.

Will comes closer, hearing Bev still yelling into his phone, but don’t open the door.

“I…this isn’t my house I’m not sure I should…”

“It’s for Will Graham?”

He blinks. “Me?”

“Yep, you him?”

Will opens the door just a little, keeping the safety latch on, and looks out. “Yeah I am. What is it and how…”

“I got a delivery for a Will Graham from…um…I think it’s a french name? I picked it up from some snooty dude outside, I’ m not sure what it was really. Looked like men’s clothes. I gotta have you sign it, dude.”

“Slide the tablet in here.”

The man does just that, and Will signs the page giving it back.

“Thanks, man. I don’t usually get the one day delivery stuff so this is big for me. I’ll leave it out here?”

“Please.”

The man leaves, nearly running, and Will waits for the car to go before he opens the door.

“WILL WHAT’S GOING ON?”

He puts the phone back to his ear. “I think…maybe…Hannibal bought me new clothes?”

Bev sighs. “Are you serious? C’mon, you can’t be serious.”

Will grabs the box, rushing back inside, and closes all the locks back up taking it to the kitchen.

“It’s a smallish box,” he says, “It feels light.”

“Open it!”

He smiles, grabbing a knife from the block, and cuts across the top opening the box.

There’s a wrapped pile inside that he rips open and smiles at what he sees.

“It’s…it’s clothes.”

“Ok, I get why you don’t want to leave. This is so adorable, I’m just gonna die. You can’t… please send pictures?”

“Bev, I gotta go.”

“You’re gonna send pictures?”

“I will. I love you.”

“Love you too! Have fun!”

He ends the call, pulling out a pair of pants and even some underwear all in his size.

Will puts on a maroon sweater, a tan pair of pants, and even the underwear feeling like a million dollars. He resists the urge to run back to the bedroom, knowing Hannibal wouldn’t hear him anyway, and makes himself something to eat from the fridge though he ends up with steak and some potatoes.

His day is very boring after that.

Will’s reluctance to snoop around the house makes it hard for him to do much, finding a TV and watching whatever is on for a bit though eventually he goes back to the bedroom to take a nap. Hannibal is still ice cold, still unmoving, but he’s used to the look of him now.

It’s like lying in bed with an ice cold doll.

He wakes up just before five, waiting for Hannibal to do the same, and admires him again.

Will's always been attracted to men but Hannibal is the first he's felt could be more than a one night stand. His father didn't know about the guys he was with in high school and college, which was probably why he only dated Molly seriously.

But now, lying beside Hannibal, he knows this is more.

Hannibal wakes slowly, eyes fluttering, and when he turns his surprise to see Will is obvious.

"Will?"

Will grabs his hand. "Good evening," he says, "I hope you..um…is it weird to say I hope you slept well? I don't know the etiquette yet."

Hannibal moves fast, pinning him down, and he smiles.

"Why are you still here?"

Will's smile fades. "Did you want me to leave? I can leave, I just—"

"NO!" Hannibal growls, holding him down, "I…I was merely…I thought for certain you may sleep in but didn't expect you to stay. We've barely begun to date, and I know you're still reluctant to…you stayed."

"I stayed."

Hannibal kisses him softly, hand on Will's cheek, and the coldness makes him shiver.

"I'm very happy you stayed."

Will smiles. “I’m happy you’re happy. I didn’t want…I wanted to see you wake up today and just say how amazing last night was. I’ve never…Hannibal it’s never…”

Hannibal kisses him again. “Yes, I know. It’s never been that…intense and uplifting for me either. Every taste I have of you, I only want more, and your sounds I…I need more. Will…”

Will rolls them over, staring down at his red eyes, and presses their foreheads together.

“Are you hungry?”

“Will, I’m unsure if…it’s dangerous to…I don’t wish to hurt you.”

“You won’t,” Will says, smiling, “I…I want to be the first thing you taste tonight even if it’s just a little.”

Hannibal growls, staring at his neck, and Will leans closer.

“Will…”

“Just a sip,” he says, letting out a long breath, “Just…”

Hannibal moves closer, his teeth grazing Will’s neck, and when he finally bites down Will is so hard he’s aching. He sucks so softly it’s barely a taste before he pulls away, and Will stares at the blood on his lips.

“You don’t have to stop.”

He touches Will’s cheek. “Yes, I do,” he whispers, turning them over again, “For now.”

Will licks his lips. “For now?”

He smiles. “That depends on how long you plan to stay.”

Will blushes. “How long *can* I stay?”

Hannibal’s pause is almost too long, but he kisses Will’s cheek when he leans in to whisper in his ear.

“We’ll start with tonight,” he says, “And see where it goes from there.”

Will wraps his arms around him as Hannibal kisses his ear.

“I’m not sure I’ll ever want to leave.”

Hannibal moves back, eyes lit, and stares into his eyes.

“And I…am unsure…if I ever want to let you go.”

Will’s heart is beating wildly in his chest as he touches Hannibal’s cheek.

“So much for taking things slow.”

“Will…I…I must feed.”

Will’s reluctant to let him go but he does, and Hannibal’s gone so fast he barely has a second to see him run. He sits up, rubbing his neck, and when his hand comes away bloody he walks

to the bathroom.

There's bandages in the cabinet, obviously not for Hannibal, and Will washes off his bite putting two over in hopes to slow the bleeding.

"Are you alright?"

He turns to see Hannibal standing there and puts a hand on his wound.

"I would've been fine being your breakfast."

Hannibal comes over and wraps his arms around Will, breathing in slowly.

"I know," he whispers, "That is why I needed to leave."

They look up together, and Will is surprised to see Hannibal's reflection.

"I guess that was an old wives' tale?"

Hannibal kisses his cheek. "Indeed, and there are many more."

Will smiles.

"I want to know them all. I want…I want to know you too."

Hannibal's grip tightens on him.

“You may not like what you learn.”

“Maybe,” Will says, “But that’s my choice. Isn’t it?”

Hannibal steps back and he frowns, turning to look at him but Hannibal just takes his hand kissing it softly. “Yes,” he says, “And I will always give you a choice even if it means letting you go.”

Will squeezes his hand, pulling him toward the bedroom where they fall back onto the bed.

“I’m not going anywhere.”

Hannibal frowns. “We’ll see.”

Chapter 9

Hannibal makes Will dinner, an uncomplicated beef dish that he pairs with roasted potatoes and more beets. They share a look as they eat, barely dressed, and Will can barely think of anything but him the longer he stares.

"So…"

"I've never asked you," Hannibal starts, stabbing his meat that's covered in a blood sauce, "What brought you to 'Take A Sip'? You'd never come to my establishment before, and we've been around since shortly after the 'Revealing,' so…"

Will takes a sip of wine as he frowns, unable to hide his blush.

"I'm not sure…"

"I won't judge you, Will," Hannibal says, frowning, "I promise you I will not."

He sighs. "I got a divorce almost a year ago," he says, hand shaking as he cuts into his steak, "It was…amicable."

"I see," Hannibal says, "But what…"

Will blushes harder. "I got addicted to vampire porn," he admits, "And I…I stopped….wanting her."

Hannibal's silence makes him feel like crying, and he dreads looking up but does anyway to see Hannibal's eyes glowing.

“You….”

“You told me you could no longer climax watching vampire pornography but I didn’t…you really were that affected?”

Will lets out a long breath. “Yeah,” he says, wishing he had on his glasses, “I…god this is embarrassing.”

Hannibal suddenly rushes to his side, the woosh of his speed making Will dizzy, and he’s there kneeling as he holds Will’s hand. “Do not be,” he says, squeezing, “I find it… arousing….to know you’re so aroused by vampires.”

He feels tears fill his eyes as he laughs. “Isn’t everyone?”

Hannibal kisses his hand. “Be that as it may,” he says, pressing Will’s palm to his cheek, “Everyone is not *you* .”

Will sighs. “Hannibal….”

“Your wife did me a great service,” he says, smiling as he shows his fangs, “Letting you go. I would like to thank her.”

Will laughs. “She has no idea what changed,” he admits, blushing, “Just that…I needed more. I never told her.”

Hannibal growls. “Never?”

“No,” he sighs, “I just…signed the papers and…walked away.”

“Will….”

He moans as Hannibal grazes his teeth up his palm, and kisses the inside of wrist.

“Please,” he begs, “I…I want you to, I…”

Hannibal bites him softly and yet Will cries out, shaking as he starts to suckle the wound. He doesn’t look away, already growing desperately hard, and Hannibal expertly open his pants before he can even ask. Will whimpers as he strokes him, dizzy with want and blood loss while desperately wanting more.

“Don’t stop, don’t….”

He pulls his mouth away, lips red with Will’s blood, and kisses him as his hand speeds up. Will lets out a sob, grasping the back of his head, and when he comes it’s with a whimper spilling into Hannibal’s palm. Will barely can stand but kicks his chair, letting his pants fall as he leans forward, and Hannibal lets out the hottest growl he’s ever heard.

“Will…”

“Fuck me,” he pants, “Oh god, please just…”

Hannibal doesn’t wait for more, thrusting in hard and yet Will feels no pain. He knows it’s mind control, and yet doesn’t care turning his head as Hannibal kisses him again. Will feels so good he hardly notices when his plate falls, and when he comes again it’s with a scream while Hannibal bites down into the other side of his neck. He grasps the back of his head, barely able to keep his eyes open, and Hannibal pulls back to lick the wound as Will lays his head on the table.

“That was…”

“I’m gonna pass out again,” Will sighs, “I’m sorry I…”

Will’s vision goes black, and he wakes up in Hannibal’s bedroom again. He smiles as he sees Hannibal laying beside him.

“Hi.”

Hannibal frowns. “You…lost consciousness again.”

Will’s smile fades. “I…I’m sorry. Is that…is it rude? I don’t—” he blushes as he sits up, looking away.

He turns as Hannibal grabs his wrist, and sees worry in the vampire’s eyes.

“Did I hurt you, Will?”

“What? No!” Will shouts, grasping his hands, “No, no, not at all. It’s….god it was amazing. Both times, it…I’ve never…”

Hannibal sighs. “I’ve had sexual relations with *other* humans and they’ve never fainted before.”

Will blushes. “I guess I’m a lightweight,” he says, laughing nervously as he lets him go, “I… sorry.”

“No, it’s…” he takes Will’s hand again, “I was just worried. Will, look at me.”

He looks, tears stinging his eyes. “I feel so stupid.”

“Please don’t,” Hannibal says, kissing his hand, “I’ve unduly upset you. I just didn’t want to hurt you. You seemed very responsive, and…I didn’t…I thought perhaps I’d gotten carried away when I drank from you.”

Will shakes his head. “No, I…I’m fine.”

Hannibal touches his cheek. “You just enjoyed yourself?”

“Yes,” he says, “I guess I’m such a newbie at this that I’m gonna need a lot more… exposure…to vampire sex before I can really handle it.”

He watches Hannibal’s eyes light up red and his heart skips a beat. “That can be arranged.”

Will grins, and leans in to kiss him softly. “I like you, Hannibal,” he says, blushing harder, “I like you a lot, and I want…I want this.”

“Will…”

“I’d like to invite you to my house,” he says, rushing his words a little, “I’ll get new curtains and find some bottled blood or we can use mine! I…I just…I want to keep seeing you. Ok?”

Hannibal presses his forehead to Will’s and his growl as almost a purr.

“I’d like that very much.”

Will sighs.

“And as much as I want to stay again, I think if I don’t go tomorrow morning I’ll never leave. So if we go to bed now, and you wake up tomorrow…I didn’t leave because I wanted to, I just needed to leave before I chain myself to your bed and offer to be your blood bag.”

Hannibal kisses his temple and Will puts his hands through Hannibal’s hair as he whimpers.

“I understand,” he whispers, “Though…I think you’d make a very attractive blood bag.”

Will smiles. “Don’t tempt me.”

Hannibal turns his cheek and kisses Will again. “The only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it,” he whispers, making Will sigh again.

“Now you’re pulling out Oscar Wilde? You’re killing me here.”

He smiles. “Never.”

Will laughs as he pushes him down onto the bed, and they start to kiss again, the cold of his body still making Will warm all over. He gets hard again fast, and comes in Hannibal’s fist while spilling in Will’s, though he doesn’t bite again much to Will’s disappointment.

“You didn’t…”

Hannibal kisses his cheek. “I think perhaps I’ve taken too much for one night.”

He sighs. “No, you haven’t.”

“Will… *please.* ”

Will lays back with a sigh, and Hannibal wipes them off while pulling Will in close again.

“I already slept,” he mumbles, “I don’t…”

Hannibal kisses his cheek. “Sleep, Will, you need the rest.”

His eyes start to feel heavy almost immediately and he frowns. “You’re doing this, aren’t you?” he yawns, “You jerk.”

He smiles. “Sleep well, sweet Will.”

Will wakes up the next morning feeling like a million dollars, and looks at Hannibal again beside him. He reaches out to touch his cheek, ice cold, and frowns.

“I’ll get better,” he promises, kissing his cheek, “I’ll…stay awake next time.”

Hannibal doesn’t say anything, of course, and Will goes to dress in his clothes from yesterday but finds a box on the dresser. He smiles and walks up to see a card on top with his name.

Will,

The last two days have been absolutely perfect and look forward to our next dinner together. I took the liberty of procuring another set of clothes for you to wear so you did not have to go home dirty. Feel free to leave the ones you had on for the next time you visit.

I’m sure you’ll need it.

He's smiling as he opens the box, and there's a light blue dress shirt with matching khaki pants inside. Will takes them to the bathroom before he gets in the shower, and can't stop smiling even as he's getting ready to leave.

His phone rings as he just gets in his car.

"WILL GRAHAM YOU BETTER…"

Will smiles, leaning back in his chair, and nearly laughs.

"Hi Bev."

"Will, you didn't call! I was worried!"

He frowns. "Sorry, I just…we got carried away."

Bev is quiet.

"Bev, honestly I'm sorry."

She sighs. "It's fine, I just…I was worried something might've happened."

"With Hannibal? Bev, you yourself…"

“He’s a *vampire,* Will,” she says, “They…they may seem perfect but they’re not always. I just wanted to know you were ok.”

Will sighs. “I’m fine. He’s…he’s really nice and I like him. I like him *a lot* .”

“I know you do.”

“And I invited him to my place, I didn’t say when but…could you come out today shopping and help me vampire proof the house? Black out curtains and all that?”

Bev laughs.

“Oh wow,” she says, “You really *do* have a vampire boyfriend.”

“Bev, we just…I didn’t even ask him to be my boyfriend yet. We’re just…”

“Having great food and sex, while…being thoughtful and doing things for each other? That *is* a boyfriend, Will. YOU HAVE A VAMPIRE BOYFRIEND!”

Will smiles. “I have a vampire boyfriend.”

Bev suddenly squeals in his ear and he holds the phone away from it, still smiling.

“Oh you totally have to ask him to go steady,” she says, “There’s a whole *thing* where…I’ll bring the book, ok? I’ll be at your place soon.”

He blushes, feeling for his glasses, and puts them on. Will hasn’t even worn them in days but suddenly he needs the comfort.

“There’s a *thing* ?” he asks, “A vampire boyfriend thing?”

“I’LL BRING THE BOOK! JUST GET HOME!”

She ends the call before Will can ask more, and he sighs as he tosses his phone on the passenger seat.

He wants to ask Hannibal to be exclusive, he knows, but…what if he says no?

Will can’t imagine the humiliation.

He pulls out of the driveway, chewing his lip, and starts to worry.

Yes, they had fun together.

Yes, the sex was amazing.

But would Hannibal *want* to be his vampire boyfriend?

He sighs, pushing his glasses up on his nose again.

“God, I hope so.”

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